

B. (As In Book).

MS10404a

* The Maniacs *

B I



Stay, gaoler! stay, and hear my woe! she is not mad who kneels before;
For what I'm now too well I know, and what I was - and what should be!
I'll rave no more in proud despair - my language shall be mild, though
Cold, bitter cold! as warmth, no light! still sad;
But this I'll firmly, truly swear, I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale, which chains me in this dismal cell!
My fate unknown my friends bewail - Oh! gaoler, haste that fate to tell!
Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer; his heart at once 'twill grieve
and glad,

To know, though chained a captive here, I am not mad! I am not
mad.

Oh! while I dwell on blessings fled, which warm my heart
must glad,

How aches my heart, how burns my head! but 'tis not mad!
it is not mad!



The Mirror

(Col. Book)

'Stay, gooder' stay, and hear my love. She is not dead who breathes 'tween
 the water. In now too well I know, and what I was - and what should be!
 I'll have no more in front despair - my language shall be wild, though
 but this I'll firmly, truly swear I am not dead! I am not dead!
 and
 and

The tyrant has not forgot the tale, which shows us individual all
 the first unknown and fierce below - Dr. Gooder, heart that for the
 Dr. Gooder's heart to hear; his heart at one will give
 and
 To know, though I learned a captive here, I am not dead, I am not
 and

He smiles in scorn - he turns the key - he juts the grate - I knelt
in vain!

His glimmering lamp still, still I see - 'tis gone - and all is gloom again!

Cold, bitter cold! no warmth, no light! life all thy comforts
once I had!

Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night, although not mad!
no, no - not mad!

'Tis sure some dream - some vision! What! I the child of rank
and wealth!

Am I the wretch who clanks this chain, bereft of freedom, friends
and health?

Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled, which never more my heart
must glad,

How aches my heart, how burns my head! but 'tis not mad!
it is not mad!

How echoes my heart, how echoes my head! but its not me!
it is not me!
Oh! while I dwell on blessings fled, which were once my heart
must lead.
I am the wretch who clings this chain, heart of oppression, friends
and wretch!
It is true some dream - some vision! what the old of words
no, no - not me!
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night, although not me!
some I had!
Cold, better cold! no warmth, no light! wife all the comfort
this dreaming heart still, still - 'tis gone - and all is gone again.
He smiles in scorn - he turns the key - he puts the great - I shall
in vain!

B
Hast thou, my child, forgot ^{ere} ~~now~~ this a mother's face, a mother's tongue?
I'll ne'er forget thy parting kiss, nor round my neck how close you
clung!

Nor how with me you begged to stay, nor how that prayer my foes
forbade;
Nor how - I'll drive such thoughts away - ~~that~~ they'll make me
mad; they'll make me mad!

Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled! thy mild blue eyes, how
bright they shone!

None ever bore a lovelier child! and art thou now for ever gone?

And must I never see thee more, my pretty, pretty, pretty lad?

I will be free! - Unbar the door! I am not mad! I
am not mad!

Shut them, my child, shut them
I'll never forget thy parting kiss, nor round my neck how close you
clung!

Has been with me you begged to stay, nor have that prayer my feet
forbade;

Has been - All drive past thought to avoid - that they'll make me
mad; they'd make me mad!

The road life, has sweet they smiled! the wind like eyes, how
bright they shone!

There ever have a brother child! and out the road for everyone

And must I never see thee more, my partly partly, parted?

I will be free! - When the door! I am not mad!
I am not mad!

Oh, hark! what mean those yells and cries? It is chain some
furious madman breaks!

He comes! I see his glaring eyes! now, now, my dungeon-grate
he shakes!

Steeh! help! - He's gone! - O fearful woe, such screams
to hear, such sights to see!

My brain, my brain! I know, I know I am not mad - but
soon shall be! -

Yes, soon! for lo now, while I speak, mark how ^{you} demon's
eyeballs glare!

He sees me! now with dreadful shrieks, he whirls a serpent
high in the air!

Ah! the reptile strikes his tooth deep in my heart so
crushed and sad!

Ay, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth! your task is done -
I'm mad! I'm mad.

Oh, laugh, ye friends! I feel the truth, ye friends to know
I'm mad! In mad.

Oh! the rattle strikes his tooth deep in my heart so
crushed and dead!

He sees me! now with breast for strike, he whistles a serpent
high in the air!

Yes, soon! for to now, while I speak, mark how the demon's
expectant stare!

My brain, my brain! I know I am not mad - but
- I shall be!

Check! self! - He's gone! - I fear for me, such screams
when, such sights to see!

He comes! I see his glaring eyes! now, now my danger - grate
he strikes!

Oh, look! what near those yells and cries! At his hair some
visions within break!